

[Death in Chains](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Anal Sex, Bondage, Established Relationship, Kink Negotiation, Light Dom/sub, M/M, Not the best BDSM etiquette, Oral Sex, Than is tied up but still doms, Than isn't great at explaining his wants and needs, Top Thanatos, a tiny bit of Zag's praise kink, bottom Zagreus, yes this is about Thanatos getting over the Sisyphus thing through bondage

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Characters: Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Thanatos/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

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Summary:

Zagreus isn't used to being the one restraining his partner, but he'll do anything for Thanatos, especially when Than's ordering him around like *that*.

"I... must admit, I still don't fully understand why you asked this of me. For me—when I'm tied up, it's usually something about letting go of control, which... not really seeing that for you."

"It's not that. It's about being in control despite the restraints. I think you'll do anything for me, Zag."

Death in Chains

Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

Now with [gorgeous art](#) from @arka_r (@arkadraws on Twitter) ♥♥

Thanks again to my wonderful roommate for having genius ideas re: things Zag and Than should get up to.

Just really loving the image of the ancient greek dudes who were like "here's a story about this guy sisypheus who cheated death and was punished forever bc of it" learning that a few thousand years later, I'm.... turning it into some very emotional porn.

I don't write a lot of BDSM and I really don't write a lot of people breaking the rules when it comes to BDSM etiquette, so this is some new shit for me but i'm enjoying the complicatedness of it all!

"Tighter. If they're too loose, they'll chafe," Thanatos instructed, and Zagreus fumbled as he reached for the cuffs to appropriately fit them to Than's wrists.

How the hell did he even get here, honestly. 'Here', being: kneeling on the bed, chaining Thanatos' hands—at his lover's request, no less. Zagreus wasn't used to being on this side of things, usually preferring to be the one tied up, but Thanatos had asked in a sort of way that made Zagreus sure if he'd been anybody else, he'd be begging.

A breath hissed through Than's teeth. "Too tight?" Zagreus asked, fingers on the catch, ready to loosen them if need be.

"No. That's good, Zagreus." He pulled against them, and Zagreus took a moment to appreciate the flex of his biceps and chest as his muscles worked.

"All secure, then, unless you want me to tie up your legs, too...?" Zagreus hadn't actually used the loops and hooks installed above the headboard and on the bedframe since the last time Meg was around, which had been... a considerable while ago.

Thanatos looked as though he was considering it. "Maybe another time," he said, fidgeting and somehow managing to seem elegant. "Now. Finish undressing for me. Slower."

Zagreus had long since decided that it was impossible for him to be sexy on purpose, but Thanatos seemed to think he did all right. Or he just enjoyed watching Zagreus make a fool of himself.

Either way, Zagreus didn't have much to remove. He'd already removed his tights upon preparing for Than to come by, and his chiton was unbelted and unpinned with a few simple motions. "Not really a way to go 'slower' with this," he said, letting the fabric drop over the side of the bed. Thanatos watched him with an expression that would have appeared neutral to most, but Zagreus could recognize the tinge of appreciation in the way his lips parted slightly and his gaze tracked over Zagreus' body.

"That's good," Thanatos said. Zagreus was all too familiar with the sparks of pleasure that coursed through him whenever Thanatos praised him. "You may touch me, now—not below the waist. Don't go getting impatient, Zagreus."

It was hard to find even an ounce of patience with Thanatos laid out before him, but Zagreus restrained himself, tracing over Than's arms first, feeling out the tautness in his shoulders from the cuffs holding him with his hands above his head. "I... must admit, I still don't fully understand why you asked this of me. For me—when I'm tied up, it's usually something about letting go of control, which... not really seeing that for you." Honestly, he didn't even know where Thanatos had produced the chains from, but they were a burnished gold like the hilt of his scythe, and long enough that he could have looped them through the ring above the headboard several more times than they were.

"It's not that. It's about being in control despite the restraints." Than lifted his chin, stretching toward Zagreus, who took the invitation to kiss him before fully realizing that Than was proving his point. "I think you'll do anything for me, Zag," Than said, his lips curling in the shadow of a smile.

"I will," Zagreus said, fully aware and fully enjoying the fact that he was being played.

Than ducked his head—no more kisses for now, then—Zagreus focused on getting his hands all over every inch of Thanatos instead. Well. Only the prescribed inches, really, Thanatos had been very clear in his instructions. Zagreus made his way from Thanatos' shoulders to his collarbone, tracing the shape of it, then the line of his sternum.

He kept his touches light, knowing that he could get sweeter reactions out of Thanatos when he barely brushed against him, forcing Thanatos to lean into the touch. The way Zagreus' thumb brushed over Than's nipple could easily have been passed off as an accident, except for the fact that he did it twice.

Despite the fact that Thanatos couldn't reciprocate his touches, he responded with all the quiet enthusiasm Thanatos could muster. Zagreus noted the effort Than had to take in order to breathe evenly, the shivers running through him as Zagreus traced each of his ribs.

Thanatos swallowed, and closed his eyes for a moment as if to gather his thoughts, before giving Zagreus his next order. "More of the same, but with your mouth this time."

Zagreus' hushed whisper of, "yes," became the gentlest of breezes over Thanatos' skin as he brought his lips to Than's neck. He thought perhaps he could still detect the faint taste of metal from the golden collar Thanatos usually wore.

Zagreus didn't need to climb fully into Thanatos' lap to kiss him, but he did so regardless, bringing the whole of him flush against Than's body. He ground down slowly, just the slightest tease of pressure against his cock, which was already half-hard despite going untouched. It was that action

which urged Thanatos to pull back, fixing Zagreus with a look that held him in place just as well as Than's hands could have.

"What did I say about being patient?" he asked, irritation creeping into his voice.

"Sorry! Sorry." Zagreus backed off, although the lack of available friction was torturous. Patience had never been his strong suit.

There was only one way to get what he wanted: continue pleasing Thanatos to the best of his ability until Than either ordered Zagreus to get on with it or teleported himself right out of the chains.

Zagreus was quite good with his mouth, thanks mostly to heaps of practice—the fact that Thanatos went a little crazy over the warmth of his breath and his tongue helped plenty, too. Unable to observe Thanatos' face, he paid close attention to every hitch in his breath, every quiet creak as Thanatos unconsciously pulled against his restraints.

He'd been ordered not to let his touches slip below Than's waist, but he also heard no reprimand as he mouthed over Thanatos' hip and stroked up the inside of his thigh. He avoided Than's cock, despite the fact that it stood fully hard and Zagreus had to stifle an overwhelming desire to put his mouth there, as well.

Zagreus' teeth dug into the curve of Thanatos' hip, which finally drew a noise from him, soft and breathy, and Zagreus leaned back to look him in the eye again.

He couldn't, because Than's eyes had drifted closed, his head lolling to one side with his temple pressed against his shoulder where his arms were pulled above his head. His hands, which had been neutrally resting in their bonds before, were now clasped around the chains hooked into the cuffs, holding on like they were his only tether to this moment.

Zagreus pressed a kiss to Than's cheek as he checked in. "You good still, love?"

“Mm. Go back to what you were doing—but. Hm.” His eyes opened, fixing Zagreus with a look he couldn’t quite decipher. “Suck my cock this time. But don’t let me finish. I want to see you fuck yourself on me before tonight is over.”

“Yes, yes, yes.” Zagreus, far too excited about the task ahead of him, kissed Than’s mouth once, and again, like an eager puppy overflowing with too much energy.

He managed to slow himself as he continued, though, starting back up with his mouth on the crease between Than’s hip and thigh, his fingers tracing the same path on the opposite side and then continuing up the underside of his cock. He caught a low noise that came from Thanatos’ chest as his mouth followed the path of his fingers.

Thanatos spoke only once Zagreus applied his tongue, teasing licks against the head of his cock, and all he had to say was, “more, Zagreus.”

More, indeed.

Zagreus heard a distinct rattle as he took Than into his mouth, the sound of the chains shifting as Thanatos moved, perhaps instinctively trying to tangle his fingers in Zagreus’ hair. But Thanatos remained right where he was, willful enough, of course, to keep from breaking loose to touch Zagreus.

He barely remembered his orders to slow down before Thanatos finished, but when he did pull off (not without a few final kisses) he was rewarded with a little sound of frustration from Thanatos, along with a murmur of, “*good boy*,” which set Zagreus’ insides positively aflame.

“You’ll have to prepare yourself,” Thanatos said, “as my hands are rather occupied. I imagine I’ll very much enjoy watching—*Zagreus!*”

Here, Zagreus did not show patience. “I figured as much when you said you wanted to be tied up,” he explained, impressing himself with the steadiness of his own words as he seated himself fully on Thanatos’ cock. “I planned ahead.”

Thanatos strained forward again, and Zagreus recognized the action for what it was—a desire to pull Zagreus to him and grasp his hips, setting the speed with which he rode Thanatos.

"You," Thanatos told him, leaning forward as much as the restraints allowed so that he could kiss Zagreus' jawline, "are incredible."

"Nah. Just didn't wanna wait."

Than's next order was *harder*, which Zagreus readily and gladly obeyed, running his hands up Than's arms as he rode him. He grasped Thanatos' wrists once he reached them, the cold metal of the cuffs warming under his hands as he ran his thumb along the underside of Thanatos' wrist. It was a seemingly simple touch, but it made Thanatos respond with, "*oh, Zag, please.*"

He did it again, then pressed his thumb into Than's palm, massaging gently to relieve any tension that him gripping the chains had caused. "Tell me what you want," he urged, giving Thanatos' other hand the same treatment, "you know I'll do anything. I'm yours, Than."

"Get yourself off with me inside you. I want you to show me what I do to you."

Zagreus swore and tipped his head back for just a second, fully aware that he was going to lose their next competition because that particular phrase would be running through his head every time he saw Thanatos from now until he came up with something even dirtier. He gripped Than's shoulder with his free hand as he attempted to coordinate a rhythm while stroking himself and riding Than simultaneously.

He eventually worked it out—he had to move a little closer and he couldn't quite take Than so deep, but Thanatos watched every second of it with a hunger on his face that Zagreus wanted to be on the receiving side of forever.

Thanatos knew all his tells, now, from the way his fingers dug in to the way his eyes went unfocused, and Zagreus moaned aloud as Thanatos thrust

upward, using what little leverage he had to fuck Zagreus harder.

"Come for me," Thanatos ordered him.

Zagreus leaned his head against Thanatos', breathed his name, and obeyed.

Thanatos had finished, too, Zagrus felt the evidence trickling down his inner thigh as they separated. He was still breathing hard and as flushed as a god could be, a gold tinge on his cheeks and spreading all the way down to his chest. And he was smiling.

"Good?" Zagreus asked, tracing Than's cheekbone.

"Yes. If you'd unchain me, please."

Zagreus gave him a curious look as he reached up—the clasps weren't locked, so it was easy to undo them and free Thanatos' hands, but that wasn't his concern. Surely Thanatos could drop the facade of being truly trapped now that they were quite finished?

"You aren't going to teleport yourself free?" he asked, fumbling with the clasp for a moment.

"No," he answered, allowing Zagreus to undo one cuff, and then the other.

Thanatos appeared almost... unsteady, once he was let loose, swaying forward into Zagreus' grasp, his eyes still a touch unfocused. Thanatos rested his chin on Zagreus' shoulder as Zag rubbed at his arms, knowing Thanatos wasn't really in any pain from keeping them suspended for so long, but wanting to attend to him anyway. "I kept waiting for it to happen partway through, but your self-control is admirable."

Thanatos sighed, turning his face into Zagreus' neck. "I can't."

"What do you mean?" He massaged Than's shoulders, working out any lingering stiffness, but Thanatos was remarkably still, as though still restrained.

"They're my chains." It wasn't much of an explanation, Zagreus had guessed as much based on the color and the detailing matching Than's scythe. "The chains of Death. Even I can't escape from them, I couldn't have freed myself."

The chains of—*what?* He'd never known that had been a part of Than's arsenal. Zag's eyes went wide, and he gripped Thanatos' wrists where the cuffs had been. "Than! You should have *told* me, blood and darkness, what if I... I dunno, hurt you somehow?"

"I knew you wouldn't." Thanatos lifted his hands as though just remembering that he had use of them, and stroked the worried furrow of Zagreus' brow. "I trust you, Zagreus."

It would've been all too easy to unwind into his touch, but it wasn't a simple issue of trust, here. They'd been together long enough for Zagreus to learn to decipher the particular unspoken ways of determining what Thanatos wanted, but Than asking Zagreus to tie him in inescapable chains was a bit beyond learning that Thanatos leaning toward him and frowning meant he wanted a kiss.

"I... you do. Trust me. You really do." He pulled Thanatos close to him, running his hands over Than's back now, all the way up to the back of his head to pet the soft fuzz of his undercut. "But, Than. You have to tell me, when it's something like this. I would've come up with a word, or something. A way to know it was too much."

Thanatos returned his embrace, letting his hands settle at the small of Zagreus' back. "I'm sorry," he said, "I... you're right. I should have. I'm not, ugh, entirely used to just *asking* for what I want."

"Now, that's an understatement." He felt Than laugh, and knew, from just the simple motion of his body, that everything would be alright. "Why didn't you, though? Or, rather, why didn't you pick something you could escape from? I'm certain Meg could locate some, uh, professional equipment."

"I wanted to use mine," Thanatos said, and then asked him, "do you know why Sisyphus is serving his punishment?"

Thanatos wasn't much for changing the subject unnecessarily, so Zagreus paused for a long moment before replying. "No...?"

"When I was much younger," Thanatos explained, "there was a mortal—Sisyphus—who cheated death. He convinced me to tie myself in my own chains, in order to demonstrate how they worked, and until everyone started wondering why the mortals had stopped dying entirely, no one knew what had become of me."

The same chains clinked together above their heads like a chime. "Okay, so, let me get this straight: all of this happened, and you still *wanted* to be tied up in them, specifically?"

"Yes. I knew you would do as I asked." He brushed Zagreus' hair out of his face, watching him for some sort of reaction. "I... probably should have told you that, as well." It was a strange way of doing things, Zagreus decided, but Thanatos had strange ways of doing everything.

"Probably," Zagreus agreed, lying down and pulling Thanatos with him. He took Thanatos' hands in his, brushing a kiss over his knuckles. "I can't believe I never knew." Now, all the occasions which he'd run into Thanatos telling Sisyphus to stop assisting Zagreus made a bit more sense. He probably suspected foul play.

"It was a long time ago. Before your time." Thanatos' hand uncurled, so that he could brush his fingertips over Zagreus' lips.

"Still. Did it... help? Some kind of release or something?" If it hadn't, Zagreus decided, he'd do whatever Thanatos thought was necessary to soothe the old hurt.

"I suppose it did." Thanatos glanced up at the chains, squinting a bit. "I don't think I'm inclined to do it again anytime soon."

"Oh?"

"No." Thanatos looked at Zagreus instead, grasping his chin. "I'd rather tie you up, instead."

"That," Zagreus agreed, pulling him closer, "can be arranged."

Author's Note:

find more of my Hades nonsense on twitter/tumblr @luddlestons!